declared to be the highest Reality, by which all else is sustained.

This *Anandam,* Immortal Love, expresses Himself in *Joy* form *(Anandarupam^mritamyadvibhati).* His manifestation in creation is out of His fulness of Joy. It is the nature of this abounding Joy to realise itself in form. The joy which is without form must create, must translate itself into form. The joy of the singer, says Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, is expressed in the form of a song, that of the poet in the form of a poem. Man in his role of a creator, is ever creating forms and they come out of his abundance of joy. Th.s joy, whose other name is love, says the Doctor, must, by its very nature, have duality for its realisation. When the singer has his inspiration, he makes himself into two; he has within him his other self as the. hearer and the outside audience as merely the extension of the other self of his. The lover seeks his own other self in his beloved. It is joy that makes this separation in order to realise through obstacles the union. The Supreme Being, therefore assumes the form of *Joy* everywhere. He is the Evangel of *Joy.* He is

all *Joy.*
The earth beneath is His *Joy* ; the sky
above is His *Joy.*
Oceans and waves are His *Joy.* The
numberless objects
which make the world beautiful are again
the manifestation
of His *Joy.* Every shining star, every smiling
flower, every
flowing brook, every snowy mountain, is
the laughter of His
Joy. Every sounding grove is the music of
His *Joy.* The
hills skip, the valleys shout, the rivers
resound, the trees
quiver, fish, bird, and beast rejoice before
Him, the God of *Joy.*
The glowing dawn and the rising morn are
the first gleams of
His returning *Joy..* The retiring sun with
golden sheen in
the west is His retreating *Joy.* Day and
night are but *His*
alternating *Joy.* Spring and summer,
autumn and winter
are His revolving *Joy.* Man is but the little
ray that has
emerged from the central glow of His *Joy.*
The father is